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THE HERMIT.

A TALE.

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[WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

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IN the time of the late American war, as a party of soldiers were traversing a forest in the interior part of Virginia, they discovered a cave of singular appearance, which attracted their attention. It bore the aspect of a regular improvement of art upon the almost perfections of nature. It was a little hillock in the side of a small rocky mountain; a compact, but beautiful green spread itself around the cave, interspersed with various kinds of fruit trees; and a small but well cultivated garden appeared in the midst, wherein arose a spring of excellent water: in a solitary corner of the plain, a weeping willow hung its inverted branches, and mourned to the sighing

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winds. The entrance to the cave was obstructed by the twisting wild brier, interweaving its vines with the boughs of a thorn tree: under this was a small aperture, through which a man might enter by bending to the ground.

Smitten with so romantic a scene, far in the wilderness, the soldiers determined to enter and inspect the cave; the mouth thereof they found barricaded with stones and pillars of wood; these were removed, and they entered the first part of the cavern. It was a grotto stored with fruit and roots, with a few rough antiquated implements of husbandry and materials for cooking: they followed a winding dark alley that led to a kind of a door, which opened into a small room that appeared as if it was hewn out of a solid white rock, illuminated by several loop-holes cut through the same. In one corner of this cavern sat the venerable figure of a man, on a stool, poring over a book of, to them, unintelligible characters; a sort of table stood beside him, and a couch with a mat of flags covered with leaves: a garment of sable crape shrouded his withered limbs; his white locks hung over his shoulders, and his silvery beard fell down upon his breast. At the sight of the strangers he started suddenly from his reverie, and addressed them in an unknown language: they stared at each other for some seconds, with much surprise; the Hermit then spake to them hastily, in broken English, "Who are you? Why am I interrupted? What do you want?" The officer of the party answered, "Father, we come not to do you harm; chance has discovered to us your retreat; and curiosity led us into your dwelling: if we have transgressed, we beg your pardon, and will retire if our presence is disagreeable or inconvenient: but before we depart, I beg the favour to offer you any assistance you desire, which is in our power to grant." "I want nothing," replied the Hermit, and immediately sat down and resumed his studies; nor could they prevail on him to utter another word: convinced that their company gave him uneasiness,

they withdrew, and the Hermit closed the doors after them.

On their return to camp, they put up at a village upon the borders of the forest, about ten miles from the Hermitage, where they related their adventures; the people informed them that they had known this Hermit for several years, but how or when he came there, or where he came from, no one could tell; they esteemed him as a kind of prophet; he had foretold many events which took place in the time of the American war, long before they happened; they had frequently offered him assistance, which was commonly refused, and when accepted, he never shewed any signs of gratitude to his benefactors; nor even thanked them for their favours; he had commonly made it his practice once a year to visit the sea-port, and at no other time was known to mingle with society. One day as he had wandered farther than usual on the banks of the Potomac, the piercing cries of a female saluted his ear, and he sprang immediately toward the river's brink to wrest an unfortunate woman from a watery grave. But, alas! it was too late—she had already passed through the scenes and troubles of this life, and gone to “seek another and a better world.” On finding that he could be of no service to her, he sunk on the ground in deep meditation, and after throwing himself under the protection of his guardian angel, slept for about two hours; after which he arose and returned to his cell, wearing the face of desponding melancholy, which he carried with him to his latest days. So singular a character wrought such an impression on the mind of the officer of the party, that he determined to become more acquainted with the Hermit, and for this purpose frequently visited his cell, while he remained in those parts, but could never induce him to converse on any subject, or make any further discoveries. Several years afterwards, as this officer was journeying near the place, he heard that the Hermit was dead; curiosity led him to the cell, when,

in a niche of the rock, he discovered a small box, containing a bundle of manuscript papers, written in the German language; he brought them home with him, and procured a friend to translate them; they were principally copies of letters from the Hermit to his friend in Germany, by which it was discovered that he was a German by birth, and on account of some youthful misfortunes he had chosen his present retreat.



BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF THE

REVEREND GEORGE HARVEST.

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MR. George Harvest, Minister of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony, and was further remarkable as a great fisherman; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts. In his youth he was contracted to a daughter of the Bishop of London; but, on his wedding day, being gudgeon fishing, he overstaid the canonical hour; and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. He had at that time an estate of 300*l.* per annum; but, from inattention and absence, suffered his servants to run him in debt so much, that it was soon spent. It is said that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends and fellow-servants; and persuaded him that the noise he heard, was the effect of wind.

In the latter part of his life no one would lend or let him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or at least out of his hands, it being his practice to dismount and lead his horse, putting the

bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, and sometimes it was taken off by the boys, and the parson seen drawing his bridle after him.

Sometimes he would purchase a pennyworth of shrimps, and put them in his waistcoat pocket among tobacco, worms, gentles, for fishing, and other trumpery: These he often carried about him till they stunk so as to make his presence almost insufferable. I once saw such a mess turned out of his pocket by the Dowager Lady Pembroke.

With all these peculiarities, he was a man of some classical learning, and a deep metaphysician, though generally reckoned a little cracked.

Mr. Arthur Onslow, speaker of the House of Commons, who lived at Ember court, in the parish of Thames Ditton, was very fond of Mr. Harvest's company; as was also his son and successor, Lord Onslow; so much that he had a bed there, and lived more at Ember court than at his lodgings (a baker's in the village.)

On another occasion, having accompanied my Lord to Calais, they walked on the ramparts; musing on some geometrical problem, he lost his company in the midst of that town; Mr. Harvest could not speak a word of French; but, recollecting my Lord was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a Lion rampart: After exciting much admiration, he was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac, escaped from his keepers.

Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and to walk into his church with his gun, to see what could have assembled the people there.

Wherever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil; to wash his hands and mouth in the chamber-pot; to make water in the basin or juglet, and to go into bed, and between the sheets, with his boots on.

In company, he never put the bottle round, but always filled it when it stood opposite to him ; so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running. That he always was drunk, and the rest of the company sober, is not therefore to be wondered at.

One day Mr. Harvest, being in a punt on the Thames, with Mr. Onslow, began to read a beautiful passage in some Greek author, and throwing himself backwards in an extacy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fished out.

When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the Vice Chancellorship of Cambridge, Mr. Harvest, who had been his school-fellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote ; one day at dinner, in a large company, my Lord, jesting with Harvest on their school-boy tricks, the parson suddenly exclaimed *apropos*, whence do you derive your nick-name of Jemmy Twitcher ? Why, answered his Lordship, from some foolish fellow. No, no, interrupted Harvest, it is not some, but every body that calls you so. On which, my Lord, being near the pudding, put a large slice on the Doctor's plate, who instantly seizing it, stopt his own mouth.

Once being to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he had three sermons in his pocket : Some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one. Mr. Harvest began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse, and grew confused, but nevertheless continued till he had preached out first all the Church Wardens, and next the Clergy, who thought he was taken mad.

NETLEY ABBEY:

A GOTHIC STORY.

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(Continued from page 38.)

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CHAPTER IV.

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Her terrors vanish'd ; and a softer train
Of mix'd emotions ; hard to be described,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted.

THOMPSON.

THE sun had now passed the meridian, when de Villars, awaking from a long and sweet repose, perceived himself to be alone. He was astonished and delighted to find that no other ill effect remained from the poisoned arrow than a sensation of languor. He began to apprehend the threat contained in the roll of paper had been penned merely to excite alarm, and rose from his couch with a determination to visit the prince, when he was surprised by the entrance of an attendant, who informed him Bertram was in the agonies of death, and desired to see him a few minutes whilst his intellects remained undisturbed.

De Villars shocked at the intelligence, instantly complied with the summons ; but how was his distress increased, when he beheld the unfortunate youth. Those eyes which so lately had beamed with mildness and benevolence, were now dimmed and sunken. Those cheeks which had glowed with youth and beauty, were pale and wan. His lips were parched with fever ; and the livid colour of his skin betrayed the mortal workings of a subtle poison.

The sensibility of de Villars was overcome, and he burst into tears.

"My lord," said Bertram, in a feeble voice, "weep not for me—Pass but a few hours, and I shall be gone and forgotten; but ere I die, I would willingly impart to you a circumstance known only to myself."—The baron having made a sign for the attendants to withdraw, Bertram continued—"Generous de Vilars, nothing but the certainty of speedy dissolution would embolden me to confess, that the supposed Bertram, the fictitious son of count Rodolpho, is—blush maiden modesty to reveal it—the unfortunate Isabel de Parma!—My story, baron, is but short, and heaven has kindly lent me strength to confide it to your bosom.—The day on which you appeared at the Sicilian tournament was the last of my liberty and peace. I saw you, and I loved—The charms of your person, the elegance of your manners, and gallantry of your conduct affected my bosom with new and unknown emotions—The praises which every one was lavish in bestowing on your bravery, candour, and generosity, only riveted my attachment. The pleasures of the court grew insipid to me; the devotion of my numerous admirers became irksome; and my only solace was the secret contemplation of your perfection. As you despised the trifling amusements of our court, and seldom partook of them, the opportunities which I had of beholding the idol of my heart, were but few; and the strictness with which the princesses and myself were observed, prevented me from affording you any token of the regard I entertained. The news of Charles's captivity threw me into despair, as it entirely destroyed the chance of my again seeing you at court. At the same time too it was publicly notified the crusaders were to sail in a few days.—Oh! how shall I describe the agonies I felt at the idea of being separated for ever from all my soul held dear!—your image haunted my bosom day and night; and I found that existence would be but a curse, unless it were spent in the presence of him I loved—I therefore no longer struggled with a passion too violent to be suppressed; but determined to indulge it,

by renouncing my dignity and the softness of my sex, and accompanying the object of my regard to the Holy Land, in the disguise and character of a page. I accordingly furnished myself, through the means of a faithful attendant, with every thing necessary to the execution of my plan; and when I had the good fortune to encounter you in the forest of Fontabia, was on my way to the encampment, with a view to interest your compassion, and gain your protection, by the tale you there heard me relate, which I had invented for the purpose. Since then, de Villars, I have enjoyed the most complete felicity in your constant society, and in the possession of your friendship and regard; and heaven has at length kindly given me an opportunity of testifying my gratitude. When I heard of the wound which you this morning received from the miscreant Saracen, and the certain death it must occasion, no language can speak the grief I suffered. The tumult of distress destroyed for a few moments my powers of recollection, and I had nearly betrayed the secret of my sex, by my agony and lamentations. When I had recovered, however, from the first shock, a means of restoring you to health and vigour suddenly occurred to me. I requested the prince and his attendants to retire, and they complied.—It was then—oh! glorious moment! that I proved myself not undeserving the friendship of de Villars.—You were sunk into an insensibility, the certain harbinger of death, from which I was convinced I could not awaken you—I stole therefore to your couch; applied my lips to the wound; and—nay, start not, baron—extracted the deadly venom which was making fast approaches to your heart.—Adieu, dear youth, adieu for ever!—I die, indeed, but I die without regret; since, by the sacrifice of myself, I have saved de Villars.”

Her voice now failed, and Isabel sunk back upon the couch. A variety of emotions tore the heart of de Villars. Admiration, love, gratitude, terror, and grief, took possession of his soul, and nearly deprived him

of reason. He was somewhat calmed, however, by the entrance of a soldier, who informed him that a dervise had been found, who was famous for destroying the effects of the most deadly poison. "Bring him in," cried de Villars, in a voice choaked with affliction and agitation. The attendant soon returned, with a noble figure clad in the garb of a dervise, and retired.—

"Holy man," exclaimed de Villars, "behold that suffering angel; a mortal poison rages in her veins; save her, save the lovely Isabel, and the most precious gifts shall reward thy blessed skill."—"Christian," returned the dervise, "hopeless as the situation of the sufferer may appear, I will pledge my head for her recovery, if the request of Darad be complied with."—"Name thy request," said de Villars impatiently, "whatever thou canst ask shall be obtained."—"Be Caled freed then," said the dervise—

De Villars was thunderstruck at this demand; the horrors of despair gathered on his brow, and with a groan that shook his soul, he exclaimed: "Inhuman Darad! why dost thou come hither with thy pretended mercy, only to mock my woes. Dost thou think I could require the freedom and the life of a base assassin, who has attempted to destroy my prince, my patron, and my friend? No, dervise, no; recall thy request, and accept in lieu of Caled's liberty, all that Edward's power and bounty can bestow."

"Christian," returned Darad, in a solemn tone, "I have said, and will not retract. By the great Alla I swear, those closing eyes shall never more behold the sun, unless imprisoned Caled be released."

"And he shall be released," exclaimed prince Edward, who was apprized of every thing that had transpired, and at that moment rushed into the tent; "save but that generous victim from the shades of death, and Caled and thyself shall leave our camp laden with rich rewards."—"Bring then the youth into our presence," said Darad.—Edward gave orders

to have him conducted immediately there.—Caled was now come; and all eyes were fixed upon the dervise, who pulling from his bosom a phial filled with purple coloured liquor, poured its contents into the mouth of Isabel.—In a few minutes the wonderful effects of this elixir were sufficiently visible. The circulation which appeared to be suspended, again took place; her respirations became apparent; the roses again began to bloom faintly on her cheek; and her lip to be tinged with its usual vermillion. In short there was every symptom of restored animation, and returning health.

“Prince,” said the dervise, turning to Edward, “thou seest that my skill has been efficacious. Ere the sun shall have completed his diurnal course, the patient will awaken perfectly recovered.—I now demand thy promise be fulfilled.”

“And thus I keep my word;” returned the prince, presenting Caled to the dervise, “my wrongs are all forgotten, and Caled is at liberty. A passport shall attend you to the camp of Selim, and a thousand pieces of gold be added to the freedom of your friend.”

“Christian,” replied the dervise, reserve thy gold for those who need it. The soul of the pretended Darad knows not a mercenary thought. The sultan Selim,” continued he, throwing back his mantle, and discovering the habit of sovereignty, “is sufficiently repaid in the recovery of Abdallah.” Saying this, he fell upon the neck of his son, and wept.

The surprise of Edward and de Villars was now extreme, to discover the prince Abdallah in the fictitious Caled, and the sultan Selim under the disguise of a dervise. The latter, however, as soon as he had recovered himself, explained the mystery in the following terms:

“Thou art doubtless astonished, prince, at seeing the leader of the Saracens, and his son, in the camp of their enemies, under borrowed habits and feigned titles. But listen to the cause of this appearance—

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His father wounded by thy arm, and the followers of Mahomet defeated and disheartened; Abdallah saw no hope of revenging the prophet and his cause, but by thy destruction. For this purpose, therefore, unknown to me, he sought the Christian camp; but Alla decreed his scheme should fail.—Soon as the news of the event, and of the cruel punishment to which my gallant son was doomed, had reached my ears, I despatched an herald to thee, offering rewards for his release; but, as thou knowest, it was in vain.—What means then could I use to save Abdallah? Despair assisted my invention. I dipped an arrow in the poison RUFU, known only to the royal line; a venom of so deadly a nature, that irresistible destruction attends its victim, unless its ravages be counteracted by the healing draught which I alone can mingle.—Round this I wound a scroll of paper, that notified the nature of the injury, and the only means of cure. I caused de Villars's motions to be watched; resolved to pierce the bosom of thy friend, and make my son's release the price of healing.—Unerring in my aim, this morning saw the wish fulfilled.—Thou knowest what followed.—Our prophet has approved the deed and crowned it with success.”

“But, prince, before I leave thy tent, attend the parting words of Selim.—Thou callest us base assassins, treacherous murderers; yet, wherefore?—Is it because we try, by thy destruction, to prevent our own?—To hate what injures us is natural.—The small envenomed adder, when it stings, we turn upon and crush; but the fierce tiger, which may not be openly attacked, must be destroyed by secret cunning.—Behold our fields laid waste; our towns destroyed; our armies scattered; and our great prophet's name blasphemed; and then pronounce that we are wrong in trying thy destruction, the author of these evils—Insulted nature and profaned religion impel the attempt, and point the dagger at thy heart.—Yet still would Selim rather purchase peace at any other price than that of blood.—Thou knowest,

prince, the extensive territory I have gained by acts of hardy valour.—This I will resign if thy armies leave our coast.—The sultan is content to confine his rule within the large domains which Saladin acquired, provided his dominion there be quietly allowed.”

Edward was struck with the justice of the sultan's remarks; and saw immediately the propriety of accepting his offers. Indeed several reasons conspired to make a return to his own country particularly eligible at this time. The approaching death of his father, Henry III. the extreme sickness of the crusaders, and above all, the languishing state of his beloved consort, Eleanora, who had brought him a daughter since their arrival in Palestine, had induced him to wish much of late, that some honourable pretext might be discovered to terminate hostilities with the Saracens.—The present was the most favourable that could be wished.—He, therefore, without hesitation agreed to the terms proposed by the sultan; and a truce for ten years was instantly entered into; mutual oaths were exchanged for the observance of it; and Selim and Abdallah were conducted with all due honours to their camp.

In the mean time, whilst Isabel continued to enjoy a sweet slumber that presaged a speedy recovery from the effects of the poison, the princess Eleanora was made acquainted with the singular events which had occurred. She listened to them with great delight; promised de Villars to take the generous girl under her protection, and to dissipate all those little delicate fears which would naturally arise in her bosom on finding her sex and story were discovered.

This she punctually performed; the scruples of Isabel were soon overcome, and she yielded to the request of de Villars, that their nuptials might be celebrated on their return to England.

The scene of sadness was now converted into universal joy.—The bitterness of war into social merriment.—Reciprocal kindnesses passed between the

two camps; and all animosities were buried in oblivion.

In a short time Edward and Isabel had entirely recovered their health; the troops were embarked; the sails were spread; and a few months brought the whole fleet safely to England.

CHAPTER V.

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Death's shafts fly thick ! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord ! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by ? BLAIR.

ON his arrival, Edward found his father, Henry III. deceased, and himself proclaimed, and universally acknowledged his successor on the throne.

The new monarch would now gladly have given de Villars the fullest proof of the high regard he entertained for him, by conferring on him offices of the first importance. But the baron was not ambitious of honours and distinctions; he knew the envy and malevolence which these marks of attention from a monarch to a subject generally excite; and wisely chose rather to be the private friend, than the public favourite of Edward. "Allow me," said he, "my lord, to decline these intended testimonies of your goodness.—De Villars wishes not for power or elevation. Satisfied with the friendship of yourself, and the affection of his lovely Isabel, he will need no other addition to his happiness."

He now claimed the performance of the promise which the fair Sicilian had made to him; and their nuptials were soon celebrated in the presence of Edward and his queen Eleanora; the latter of whom presented Isabel, on her marriage, with a rich assortment of jewels, and Edward gave de Villars a small but beautiful demesne, situated on the banks of Southampton river.

Days, months, and years rolled happily on to de Villars and his amiable baroness. He was still the inseparable companion of Edward, in his wars and hours of relaxation; whilst Isabel continued to receive fresh proofs of the queen's attachment to her.—Heaven, indeed, denied them offspring for some years; a circumstance that would now and then produce a momentary regret in the baron, but it never made him long or seriously uneasy.

At length, however, this drawback on his felicity was removed, and the baroness presented him with a lovely boy, whom they named Edward, from their royal friend. Three years, afterwards, the birth of a daughter enabled them to pay the same compliment to the queen, by christening the little infant Eleanora.

De Villars now found his happiness complete, and for some years he continued to enjoy it unabated.—The manly graces; the generous ardour; and disinterested sincerity of the father, were reflected in young Edward; while the lovely features, bewitching softness, and gentle manners of Isabel, discovered themselves in the prattling Eleanora.

But, alas! the hours of distress must at some period arrive; and if they be long deferred, it is only that the more poignancy may be added to them.—A violent fever attacked the adored consort of de Villars, and on the third day from the commencement of her indisposition, he found her snatched from him for ever.

The baron on this sad occasion, experienced that sudden abruption of all delight, that gloomy vacuity of soul, which the mortal separation of those who have long lived in the habits of intimacy and affection, occasions to the survivor. For some time he refused all comfort, nor could the kindness of the king, nor the attentions of his children, afford him consolation under a loss that threatened to deprive him of reason.

The monarch was alarmed for the safety of his friend; but wisely concluded the most likely method

of turning his mind from the continual contemplation of his misfortune, would be to call him to the bustle of the field, and dissipate his thoughts by action.

De Villars, ever alive to the voice of military glory, obeyed the summons to attend the king on his second expedition into Scotland; and that he might initiate young Edward, who was now sixteen, in a profession which he so much esteemed himself, he determined the youth should accompany him thither. Eleanora he committed to the protection of Margaret, the second consort of the king, (who had for some years lost his first queen,) and she condescendingly took charge of the amiable girl.

The business of the campaign produced the effect the king had hoped for. The poignancy of sorrow was done away; and the acute affliction which bade fair to destroy the intellects of de Villars, was mellowed into a sober melancholy that tinged the baron's character ever after.

On the return of the army into England, de Villars wished much to have retired from court, to the retreat in Hampshire, which he enjoyed through the generosity of the king; but his royal friend would not consent to the separation. The baron therefore relinquished the idea for the present, and bent his attention to the instruction of his son.

This youth was now eighteen, of a noble mein, and most engaging manners; his generosity was unbounded, and his spirit invincible. The king had conceived a great affection for him, and appeared extremely desirous that the prince of Wales would regard him with a similar predilection. But the weak mind of Edward II. shrunk from the superior brilliancy and understanding of young de Villars. He had already singled out a favourite more resembling himself; and lavished all his regard on Piers Gavaston, a young native of Gascony, and one of his own household.

The baron was not concerned to perceive that the prince rather avoided than sought an intimacy with his son; because he knew full well the friendship of

the weak and the worthless, however exalted their station may be, promises neither satisfaction nor permanent advantages to the man of honour and integrity. He saw, however, clearly, that young Edward's infatuation for Gavaston might hereafter be productive of the greatest discomfort to himself, and injury to the nation; and therefore, earnestly advised the king to banish the young sycophant, and to command his son to withdraw his ill-placed attachment from him.

Edward agreed with de Villars in the propriety of adopting a step of this nature. Gavaston was commanded to leave the kingdom, which he instantly did, sorely against the inclinations of the prince of Wales, who never forgave de Villars for being the instigator of this separation between him and his favourite.

About two years after this event, de Villars suffered another severe stroke of affliction. His royal friend and master, whom he was accompanying in a third expedition against Scotland, expired at Carlisle, to the universal concern of the nation.

The grief of the baron was manly and silent, but not the less deep or sincere. He had already determined to indulge his feelings in his country retreat, and to consecrate the remainder of his days to devotion and philosophy, when he received orders from the successor of the departed hero, to leave the camp immediately, nor to be seen in future at the English court.

He heaved an involuntary sigh at this first proof of the striking contrast between the present monarch and his father; but soon recovered his equanimity. Returning with his son immediately to London, he received the blooming Eleanora from her royal protectress, and having settled all his affairs, quitted the court with a determination never to return to it again—Before, however, he departed, news arrived of the absurd conduct of the new king, and the disrespect which he had shown to the dying commands of his parent. Already, in defiance of them, had he recall-

ed his favourite Gavaston, and disbanded the mighty army with which Edward had enjoined him to enforce the absolute submission of the Scots.—De Villars heard the intelligence with deep concern; but blessed himself that he was about to retire from those fatal scenes which united ignorance and baseness would inevitably occasion.

CHAPTER VI.

....

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast. THOMPSON.

DE VILLARS was now arrived at the residence in which he proposed to conclude his days.

It was a small castle situated near the mouth of Southampton river, about half a mile from its eastern bank. Like all the mansions of the great in those days, the style of building manifested it had been erected for the purposes of defence; it being surrounded with a broad moat, furnished with a single drawbridge. It stood on a small knoll or elevation; and the upper apartments, rearing themselves above the surrounding woods, commanded an extensive view of all the adjacent country.—The approach to it was through a long avenue of venerable elms, which had been tenanted by multitudes of rooks for many ages.—In the back, a sloping lawn stretched to some distance from the castle, and was at length bounded by a wood of majestic oaks, where, through many occasional openings, slight glances were caught of the river that glided beneath it.—Netley Abbey, a convent of Cistercian monks, stood about a mile to the north.

A situation like this was highly calculated for the indulgence of philosophic melancholy; and de Villars entered on it with that solemn pleasure, which the mind, harrassed by misfortune, experiences on retiring to solitude and quiet. He did not, however, mean to devote himself entirely to contemplation in this retreat, to the exclusion of the solid duties of life; part of his time was to be employed in the regulation of his little family, which consisted only of two female servants, and his old domestic, Robert; another portion in the education of his children; and the remaining one consecrated to devotion and preparation for his end.

As his son Edward (for henceforth we shall continue to call him by that name) had reached his twentieth year; had already distinguished himself in arms; and possessed a sound and cultivated understanding, the baron left him greatly to the regulation of his own conduct, except that he would occasionally instil into him the obligations of religion, and enrich his mind with that useful knowledge which is only drawn from a long and accurate survey of human nature.

Unlike the generality of the young feudal chieftains, though Edward possessed all the gallantry of the age, yet he blended with it a delicacy of sentiment, and gentleness of manners, which would have done honour to a period of greater refinement than the thirteenth century. His great affection for his father had made him joint participator of all the baron's sorrows; and this had gradually moulded his mind to serious reflection, and softened his heart to the most expanded benevolence.

The invincible dislike which the reigning king had conceived against the baron, in consequence of his advice to the deceased monarch, extended to all that nobleman's connexions; and therefore de Villars thought it prudent to withdraw his children from public life, when he himself retired to the castle. He easily foresaw the weak and extravagant Edward

II. influenced by his frivolous favourite, would start into conduct so wild and absurd, as to irritate the barons, and in time occasion some change for the better in public affairs. And he was equally certain, that should any revolution take place, his interest with all the greater lords would ensure his son a favourable reception amongst them. The intervening time he thought might be profitably employed by young Edward in maturing his judgment, improving his mind, and acquiring the little science which the age afforded.

Eleanora, the daughter of de Villars, had reached her seventeenth year. She was of a middle size, and delicately formed. Her face, which might be called rather expressive than beautiful, was illuminated by a pair of blue eyes, that beamed intelligence and sweetness. Her complexion and hair were inherited from the deceased baroness; the one being fair and transparent, the other light, curling, and profuse.

To these attractions of person, was added all the loveliness of virtue. The soul of Eleanora, pure as when it came from the hands of its creator, knew not a thought at which innocence might blush. The baron had been indefatigable in implanting in the minds of his children, as soon as they were capable of receiving any fixed and accurate ideas, the strong obligations of virtue and morality; he had encouraged and unfolded those finer sensibilities of the soul which distinguish our kind from the subordinate animals; and had enforced his excellent precepts, by holding forth the example of Edward, and his royal consort, in whom they shone with superior lustre.

Though Eleanora had lived for a considerable time in the pernicious atmosphere of a court, under the protection of both Edward's queens, yet her early youth prevented her from being brought forward into the dazzling crowd. Her mind had consequently escaped that pollution with which gaiety, splendour, and dissipation, are too apt to contaminate it; and the baron fortunately carried her into rural retirement at that

eritical age, when the passions, rising in all their strength, give to pleasure so enchanting an appearance, that little less than absence from temptation can save the infatuated victim from being carried away by its perilous torrent.

De Villars having arranged his small family, entered upon the regular discharge of the employments he had chalked out for himself, and found his time fully and pleasingly occupied.

The unsocial spirit of the feudal ages promised that his quiet would not often be interrupted by unseasonable visitors; and indeed such was the prodigious extent of the baronial demesnes in these times, that a feudal lord was generally separated from his immediate neighbour by a distance of many miles. Hence it happened, the intercourse of modern days was then unknown, and each great chieftain sought for company and amusement, rather amongst his numerous retainers and dependents, than in the society of the nobles who resided around him.

The only neighbour which de Villars had, and with whom he wished to have no kind of intercourse, was sir Hildebrand Warren, lord of Netley castle. His mansion stood at the distance of three miles from that of the baron, and his demesne was one of the most extensive in Hampshire.

Sir Raymond Warren, the uncle of this knight, de Villars had been intimately acquainted with; but several years before the baron retired to his country mansion, sir Raymond, in consequence of the decease of his lady, had precipitately quitted the court, and shut himself up in Netley castle, in consequence of which all communication ceased between the two friends; and de Villars had heard, with great concern, about two years previous to his own retreat from court, that sir Raymond and his daughter had died within a few days of each other, in a contagious fever.

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The present lord of Netley was a nephew of old sir Raymond ; and as he lived much with his uncle in the absence of the knight's son young Raymond Warren, de Villars had an opportunity of seeing him frequently, whilst their intercourse continued.

But he was not calculated to please the baron. Profligate and licentious to the greatest degree when out of the observation of his protector ; reserved and apparently modest when before him, his character exhibited that despicable mixture of vice and meanness, that hypocritical villany, which the ingenuous soul of de Villars despised and abhorred.

In consequence of the sudden death of old sir Raymond, and his daughter Agnes, and the disappearance of young Raymond, who, it was reported, had been assassinated abroad, the vast possessions of the old knight had fallen to sir Hildebrand, as heir at law to his departed uncle.

Before he had left the court, the prince of Wales, whose want of understanding led him to shower his favours and affections on undeserving objects, honoured Hildebrand with several marks of friendship ; and on the decease of Edward I. the young king had invited the knight to a renewal of their former intimacy.

Sir Hildebrand had accordingly been to pay his respects at court, and was received with great marks of kindness ; but the superior influence of Gavaston with his royal friend, roused all his envy and malignity ; the narrowness of his soul not allowing him to be the quiet spectator of another's happiness. He therefore determined to return into Hampshire ; a resolution that was strengthened by an arbitrary and tyrannical spirit, which he was obliged to curb before the powerful barons of Edward's court, but could indulge without control, within the extensive limits of Netley demesne.

On the pretence therefore of following the pleasures of the chace, to which he was much attached, he solicited and obtained leave to return to his castle,

a few weeks after de Villars had settled himself in his retirement.

Here sir Hildebrand lived in the rude magnificence of the age; surrounded by a numerous crowd of retainers, who, nurtured in indolence and plenty, were as unprincipled and profligate as their chief, and ready at all times to revenge his quarrels, and execute his commands, however vicious or sanguinary they might be.

Against a licentious band like this, which in truth the castle of almost every baron exhibited in the feudal ages, whose leader was armed with the acknowledged favour of the sovereign, the laws in their then relaxed state, were but a poor defence.

In unenlightened times, indeed, before men's minds are sufficiently informed to perceive the utility of giving every sanction to legal institutions, these ordinances will only be observed in proportion to the virtue, activity, and ability of the reigning prince; and hence it happened, that although the exertions of Edward I. for the impartial administration of justice, had highly improved and regulated the jurisprudence of the country, yet the moment the sceptre devolved to the feeble hand of his successor, the laws relapsed into laxity and contempt, and enormities became as numerous and atrocious as ever.

With a neighbour of this description, de Villars wished not to have the slightest communication; and as he had been now some months at his castle without seeing him, he flattered himself their former acquaintance would never be renewed.

An accident, however, counteracted his wishes.

CHAPTER VII.

....

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak,
With most miraculous organ. SHAKSPEARE.

ELEANORA, who took great pleasure (accompanied sometimes by her brother, and sometimes by her maid Beatrice,) in tracing the mazes of the wood, at the back of the castle, had one day incautiously wandered thither alone.

It was one of those soft autumnal mornings, when nature about to close her scene of beauty for the year, arrays creation in its most gorgeous attire. The sun had already driven the dewy mists of night from the face of heaven, and rising with tempered splendour, threw that deep and mellow tinge on every object, which he only confers in this charming season of the year. The lofty woods glittered to his beam; and the diversified hues of their foliage received fresh richness from its lustre. The tuneful tenants of the grove, animated by the genial ray, awakened their exquisite harmony, and hailed in one full universal song of joy, the broad unclouded countenance of this great chearer of creation. The harmless flocks expressed by playful gambols their gratitude for his farewell visit; and the cattle, basking beneath his warmth, offered up their silent thanks. Not a zephyr agitated the trees, or disturbed the silence of the interesting scene.

Eleanora felt her sensibility awakened at the pleasing prospect of animal felicity. Her universal benevolence led her to sympathize with the delights or miseries of every living creature; and she never felt greater satisfaction than when she saw all around her comfortable and happy.

"Ah! blissful tenants of these quiet shades," she exclaimed, "how enviable is your state. No passions vex your peaceful bosoms. No painful reflections on the past, or cruel dread of future, interrupt the pre-

sent bliss. Supported by the bountiful hand of nature, you wander whither you will, undisturbed by care, secure from danger or alarm."

She had just uttered these words, when the distant cry of hounds reached her ear. In a moment she observed the croud of hinds and stags which had been sporting around, assume an appearance of watchfulness and apprehension. The noise approached; the distress of Eleanora's companions increased, and they at length all started off in the wildest dismay.

She now began to feel much alarmed for her own safety; for she found by the direction of the sound, and its gradual increase, that the hunting party were making directly through the wood in which she had inconsiderately been wandering alone. She hastily, therefore, turned about, and walked with all expedition towards the castle.

Before she had advanced many yards, however, the cry was almost deafening; and the groves which had lately echoed only the strains of vocal harmony, now rang with howlings, hallooings, and execrations.

In a few moments she beheld a stag, apparently almost exhausted, cross the path she was pursuing, followed by a mixed multitude of horses, dogs, and men; forming a concert of vociferous dissonance. The confusion of the scene, which she had never witnessed before, and the wildness of the noise, terrified her extremely; and, trembling with apprehension, she was obliged to support herself against a spreading tree.

Though all the huntsmen saw Eleanora as they passed the path, and cast a transient glance towards her, yet the sport had so much engaged them, that not one stepped to inquire who she was, or to offer her the assistance which her alarmed situation evidently required.

At length an horseman, whose dress and accoutrements bespoke him to be of superior rank to the others, appeared, and as soon as he beheld Eleanora, instead of pursuing the course which the others had

taken, he curbed his horse, and turned up the path which led to her.

Her fears were not much lessened by the approach of this stranger, who had an air of assurance and ferocity in his appearance, by no means impressive of confidence or esteem. He seemed to be about forty years of age, was large of stature, and of a dark complexion. He might have been reckoned handsome, had it not been for a certain fierceness of aspect, occasioned by a black overshadowing brow which seemed contracted into an habitual frown.

As the horseman approached, Eleanora's fears had so far overcome her recollection, that she was on the point of flying from him; not reflecting the farther she went, the more distant she would be from home, and that even then it would be impossible for her to escape from a person on horseback. Before, however, she had resolved how to act, he was close to her, and had dismounted from his palfrey.

Assuming an air of as much softness as he could, "lady," said the stranger, "I fear our sports have been the occasion of some alarm to you. I ought to apologise, indeed, for your retirement having been thus disturbed by noise and confusion; but I feel I cannot regret the event which has given sir Hildebrand Warren an opportunity of contemplating more beauty than he ever saw before."—Saying this, he seized her hand, and would have impressed a salute upon it.

Eleanora blushing deeply at the freedom of the knight, hastily disengaged herself from his grasp. The dignity of offended delicacy gave her temporary courage, and she replied with apparent displeasure—"It ill becomes sir Hildebrand Warren to behave thus rudely to an unprotected female. But if he do not possess the generosity and honour of true knight-hood, that never loses sight of the politeness due to the weaker sex, yet it may be hoped he will not forget the respect which the daughter of baron de Villars has a right to demand."

The pride of Sir Hildebrand was sorely wounded by this severe retort; but suppressing his discomposure as much as possible, he begged pardon for having given way to those transports, into which he had been hurried by meeting with so fair a form, in circumstances so unexpected. "But allow me," continued he, "fair lady, to make some amends for having thus alarmed your delicacy. I will myself be your protector to the castle, and shall have particular pleasure in presenting his lovely daughter to my old friend the baron de Villars."

Though Eleanora, who had already conceived a strong aversion for sir Hildebrand, would gladly have excused this piece of gallantry, yet she knew not in what manner to decline his protection, particularly as he had put it on the footing of paying a visit to her father, with whom she understood he had been formerly acquainted. She therefore accepted his offer with an air of modest reserve; and proceeded towards the castle, accompanied by the knight, who gave his palfrey to one of the attendants.

During their walk, sir Hildebrand repeatedly expressed himself particularly happy, at the fortunate circumstance which had thus given him an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with the baron de Villars; an acquaintance that would now receive additional charms, from the transcendent beauty of his daughter, and the well known excellence of his son. With conversation of this nature, occasionally interspersed with high-flown compliments to Edward and herself, was Eleanora tormented, till she arrived at the castle; when having accompanied sir Hildebrand to the room in which her father was seated, she hastily retired to her chamber, determined to avoid in future the sight of a man whose first appearance had given her invincible impressions in his disfavour.

De Villars was by no means pleased at the unexpected entrance of sir Hildebrand Warren; he had long disliked and despised him, and for the best reasons. His natural politeness, however, prevented any

symptoms of disgust from appearing, and he welcomed him to his castle with seeming cordiality.

The knight, on the other hand, expressed unbounded satisfaction at this renewal of their former intimacy; launched out into the warmest encomiums on the attractions of Eleanora; and made numberless offers of service both to the baron and his son; with whom he said he could easily prevail upon the king to be reconciled, provided it were their wish to return to court, and resume their former station in public life.

De Villars returned his guest many thanks for his obliging proffers, which he politely declined to accept; and heaving a deep sigh, added, "to me, sir Hildebrand, the court has long lost its attractions. She who alone could give it charms in my eye, is now no more. Never therefore will I again visit scenes, which would only add to my affliction, by bringing back ideas of felicity that is passed and gone for ever. Nor shall my son ever return to a spot from whence he has been ignominiously banished, unless recalled by the voluntary solicitation of the unthinking monarch who has thus endeavoured to dishonour the family of de Villars."—"But," continued he, waiving the discourse, "allow me to inform myself of the accidents by which I lost my valuable friend the late sir Raymond Warren, his gallant son, and amiable daughter. Engaged at that time in the hurry of a campaign, I had leisure to make no particular inquiries relative to the unfortunate events, and only learned from vague report, that the decease of each was sudden and unexpected."

De Villars waited for an answer to his question for some moments, when casting a look at sir Hildebrand, he was surprised and shocked to see that a livid paleness overspread his countenance; an universal agitation shook his frame; the darkest frown had gathered on his brow, and his eyes gleamed horror and dismay. "True, true," cried he, in accents rapid and inarticulate, "'twas base indeed beyond compare.

And by one who had been kindly fostered by his care. A death too, so tedious and painful. O God! my brain is fired at the thought."

The baron's astonishment at this apparent agony of sir Hildebrand, and at his obscure, wild, and interrupted accents, was extreme; and he had already moved towards the door to call for his attendants, when the knight suddenly recovering himself, began to apologize for having thus excited the alarm of de Villars.—"My lord," said he, "wonder not at the agitation into which the abrupt mention of the loss I have sustained, has just thrown me. The warm affection which I bore to my deceased relations, and the intense grief I experienced at their being so quickly snatched from me, for a considerable time after their death, shook the seat of reason; nor have I yet sufficiently conquered my sensibility, to hear their respected names pronounced, without a momentary disorder of recollection." Saying this, he hastily ordered his attendants; and having repeated his wishes that a frequent interchange of visits might take place between himself and the baron's family, he bade him adieu, and rode from the castle.

Shortly after the departure of sir Hildebrand, Edward returned from his morning ramble, and the baron immediately communicated to him the circumstance of the visit he had received; concealing, however, the singular scene to which it had just given rise.

Though the disparity of years between the knight and young Edward was considerable, and had prevented any knowledge of each other before the death of sir Raymond, yet the latter heard with some satisfaction that he was now likely to have an occasional companion in his retirement.

The social principle indeed is so deeply ingrafted in the nature of man, that though suppressed, it cannot be entirely extinguished. Edward, therefore, notwithstanding he found himself free from discontent in the seclusion of a country retreat, had at times

wished for some little variety in the society to which this retirement necessarily confined him. Besides, he knew not the real character of sir Hildebrand, (whom indeed the baron had never mentioned to his children) and incapable of dishonour himself, he fondly thought that all around him were alike ingenuous and noble-minded. With these ideas, he was consequently pleased at the intelligence of his father; and strongly urged him to take an early opportunity of returning the visit of the knight, and making them known to each other.

Very different sentiments, however, agitated the mind of de Villars; who sincerely regretted the accident which had brought sir Hildebrand to his castle.

His penetration easily perceived, that the fortuitous interview between Eleanora and the knight, had kindled a sudden flame in the bosom of the latter, which might be productive of much discomfort both to his daughter and himself. Sir Hildebrand he knew to be a violent, unprincipled, and powerful man; who wanted neither inclination nor means to effect any purpose to which he had bent his mind; he therefore had good foundation for fearing, that should he make an offer of his hand to Eleanora, and be refused, he would not scruple to use his influence with the king, to enforce a compliance with his wishes; a stretch of authority by no means unusual in those days.

Besides, his dislike to the knight had been much increased by the circumstances that had occurred during his visit. The extraordinary agitation, or rather temporary derangement of intellect, which sir Hildebrand displayed, and the mystical words he had uttered, on the mention of his deceased kindred, filled de Villars with suspicion and alarm. He shrewdly apprehended, that grief, however excessive, would not manifest itself by such violent emotions; and could not help fearing it was rather the horror of guilt than the gush of affliction, which had thrown the knight into so terrible a situation.

On what, however, to fix his fears, or how to clear up his doubts and suspicions, he could not at present determine; he therefore resolved to preserve as yet a profound silence on the subject; to wait with patience till time should give him some clue to unfold the mystery, and in the interval to watch sir Hildebrand's conduct with the narrowest circumspection, and to prevent, if possible, his adopting any measures which might interrupt the peace of his own little family.

(*To be continued.*)



For the Literary Miscellany.

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ESSAY...NO. II.

....

ON INGRATITUDE.

.....

Know nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warms a bear.
While man exclaims, "see all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose!
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

POPE.

THERE is not a more prominent feature in the history of man, than *Ingratitude*—it is of all evils the most despicable that can be inherited, and generally springs from a selfish principle—it is an ingrafted evil that takes deep root in the heart, and cannot be easily eradicated; and it is a mental principle, and almost a general one, for it is not confined to any particular sphere—it makes its appearance only where a benefit is incurred; its evil tendencies are so great that it subverts every good design, and replaces in their stead those only that are evil. This vice is closely

connected with hypocrisy, for there are but few who will seem otherwise than thankful when receiving a favour, though their future conduct frequently shews the reverse. A breach of trust, or confidence, is a glaring mark of ingratitude—envy is also a cause of ingratitude. When the receiver of a benefit envies the bestower, there arises a sort of hatred, the result of which is Ingratitude; the receiver knowing the superiority of the bestower, views him with an eye of jealousy; he feels conscious of his own inferiority, and although circumstances oblige him to receive such gift or favour, the very obligation creates the hatred, while the bestower has no other motives in view than pure friendship—Thus, from the very act that should ensure gratitude springs the reverse. We have many striking instances of the malevolent effects of Ingratitude in history, especially in that of the Romans. The conduct of Nero to his mother, was unnatural and cruel in the greatest degree, and the manner in which she was put to death, by his desire, shocking beyond expression. Brutus also, in the assassination of Cæsar, furnishes us with another proof of the most striking ingratitude. From the earliest ages to the present time, we have numerous instances of the shocking effects of this detestable vice.

Ingratitude is employed in the gratification of self and for selfish ends—it is more conspicuously flagrant where the greatest benefits are conferred, “for reward only man loves man;” take away the idea of reward, or benefit, and then view the result.

Ingratitude is not only very despicable, but peculiarly dangerous in its nature; for the discovery of it can only take place when somewhat may be expected by one party who had conferred on the other any benefit, reward, or service.—For instance, the sincere man does some act of kindness to one whom he imagines his friend; he heaps numerous benefits on him, and in a short time afterwards has occasion to ask some assistance or service of this friend; the mask

of friendship is then thrown aside, and this hidden viper is betrayed.

The result of pride, self-conceit, and avarice, is Ingratitude. The haughty are restrained by pride from acknowledging a benefit; conceit prevents the vain, from a fear that it will lessen their own consequence; and the miser ungratefully disregards the bounties bestowed on him by Providence, or any benefits conferred on him any further than regards his own convenience. He also who studies not the interest of his friend, comes under the same deserved censure; for where the interest of each is not at heart, there can be no real friendship; and consequently where friendship is merely professional on the part of the one and not the other, there is *ingratitude*.

Ingratitude is therefore evidently a base principle, rooted in the mind and operating in the actions; it contaminates, enfeebles and defiles the understanding, and distorts the countenance of truth; and though not punishable by the laws of man, we cannot doubt but that it is by the law of God. JOSEPHUS.



For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

ON MATRIMONY.

....

"Whoso findeth a wife,

"Findeth a good thing."

OH, Solomon, Solomon, although you were accounted a wise man, how many of the present day differ from you in opinion, respecting this proverb. Says one—I will not marry, unless I can obtain a person with an immense fortune. Says another—I will not marry, provided I cannot obtain a person that is celebrated for her beauty; one that is all perfection. Allow me the privilege of inquiring of those "gentle

men," as they style themselves, what model they adopt to qualify themselves to merit either beauty, fortune, or a person with any extraordinary qualifications? If it is not in spending their days in idleness, in frequenting taverns, ale-houses, &c. when they should be striving to improve those talents with which they are endowed by nature, and making improvements in knowledge and virtue, which is so essential to their future happiness, felicity, and honour? If it is not in spending the prime of life in pursuits from which they themselves derive no honour, and from which society derives no benefit?

Those "gentlemen," who expect to obtain for a wife, a person of some extraordinary qualification, or a fortune, should endeavour to qualify themselves to merit them. On the contrary, many of them are abandoned profligates, and lost to all principles of virtue; they make a practice of frequenting company, which would tend to corrupt the morals of those who were more virtuous than themselves; they become hardened and inured to vice. They boast of committing deeds, at which the heart of a virtuous person would revolt. To seduce a virtuous female they deem a great acquisition; and to accomplish their end, they will resort to every artifice which an abandoned mind can invent, to deceive the innocent and unsuspecting female. Arrived at the age when they might have been happily settled in the world, had they conducted themselves properly, and obeyed the inspirations of nature, they find themselves deficient in many essential points; their education disregarded, their morals corrupted, and habituated to dissipation, they remain unsettled; their constitution is broken by irregular conduct; affliction and disease overtake them, and they are rendered for ever miserable. Here you behold the character of a person who would not marry, unless he could obtain a wife who excelled in beauty, one who was all perfection.

Would it not be more to our advantage to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some em-

ployment, which may engage our thoughts and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For however we may roam in our youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure, yet the time will come, when we shall outgrow the relish for childish amusements; and if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable.

The pleasure arising from early habituating our minds to some employment, and making improvement in knowledge and virtue, is incalculable; our sentiments become refined; it makes us susceptible to the more tender passions; it opens our hearts to friendship; it enables us to know the value of the amiable qualities of the other sex, which gives rise to that all-powerful and prevailing passion, love, which is the greatest source of human happiness; for when in adversity the cheering smiles of a beloved partner speaks comfort to the bosom of the afflicted.

“ Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain,

“ But our destroyer, foe to God and man.”

For the father of a family, what a delicious source of sentiment is open to the heart; what a vast sphere for his thoughts to reign in. The education of his children, their progress in learning, the unfolding of their minds, the prognostics whence to form an opinion of their dispositions—his hopes, his fears, the plans which connect the future to the present, and give to man the enjoyment of the time when he shall be no more. Such are the pleasures which nature proposes to the wise and enlightened parent, who feels the dignity of his state, and the obligations which he has contracted, by accepting the august privileges of perpetuating his species.

ANSELMO.

From the Port Folio.

....

MISS SYDNEY OWENSON,

THE POETESS AND NOVEL WRITER.

.....

THIS lady has observed in the preface to one of her novels, that "*she has written almost as many volumes, as she has years.*" If this declaration be taken literally, it follows, that not above the one half of those has yet reached our country. Since it will be found in the life of the poet Dermody, that in the year 1786, being an inmate of Mr. Owenson's family, he addressed an admonitory poem to Miss Sydney Owenson, and her twin sister, beginning

"Dear girls, in youth and beauty's pride."

Now, it is not to be presumed, that those cautionary verses to ladies in "*youth and beauty's pride,*" could have been applicable before they had reached the age of eleven or twelve, the probability rather is in favour of their being in the bloom of fifteen or sixteen, yet admitting that the age of these ladies had not exceeded that of eleven years, this would, at the present time, bring Miss Owenson to the mature period of *thirty-five*. For which fact see the very interesting life of the poet Dermody, by Raymond. The same work also describes Mr. Owenson, the father of our authoress, as being a very respectable actor of the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

The moral character of Miss Owenson is irreproachable, and it is said that her talents have been the means of introducing her to the first society, among the nobility and gentry of her native country.

Critically considered, her poems are perhaps the least excellent of all the productions of Miss Owenson's mind, possessing but little originality, and being a palpable imitation of the manner and *costume*

of Moore, without his inspired genius. In these poems, she professes to be the victim of an ardent and reciprocal passion, which passion, as she is still unmarried, seems not to have terminated in the usual way.

Her "Ida of Athens" appears to have been built upon the model of Madame de Stael's "Corinna," is superior in its moral, but greatly inferior in its mere literary effect as a whole, to the original French work.

Of all the novels of Miss Owenson, that of the greatest ingenuity, and which gives the most indubitable proofs of fine talents, is her "*Wild Irish Girl*," a national sketch, written in the true spirit of patriotism, and which it is impossible to read without interest.

Any anecdotes relating to Miss Owenson, her private history, or her public performances, would be generally acceptable to the American public.



From the Port Folio.

....

CRITICISM.

.....

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is no propensity of the human mind more inveterate, or, at the same time, more alive to reproof, than an itch for writing poetry. While the youthful candidate for the bays of Parnassus trembles at the anticipation of criticism, and is chilled to the heart by the least token of disapprobation, he is seldom prevented from persevering by the most decided warnings of disappointment and failure. He shrinks from the opinion that would arrest his career, but seldom suffers it to turn him from his course.

It is remarkable, that whatever turn genius may take, when matured and guided by education and

experience, it generally first displays itself in writing verses. Many men who have afterwards distinguished themselves in various departments of literature and science, have given the first indication of superior mind in attempts at poetry. Such efforts evidence habits of study and reflection; a desire of distinction and an ardency of brain that most frequently lead the possessor to some seat of honour in society.

Permit me to introduce, with these observations, a short notice of a Poem, published in your last number, entitled "*ORLANDO*," said to be the production of a youth not yet seventeen years of age. In the lives of poets there are not wanting many bright examples of amazing precocity of genius; which have rendered *schoolboy verses* no longer an object of wonder, except to *papas and mammas*. Indeed most of our poets have given pretty unequivocal proofs of the "fine frenzy," at a very early age.

What have we a right to expect from a young poet, and what ought we, in candour and kindness, to excuse? We should expect much irregularity and wildness; an inattention to the chastened rules of composition; extravagant figures expressed in turgid language, and many harsh and bad lines. And we should excuse all these faults, if they are the honest product of the pen that claims them, and are accompanied with occasional testimonials of those original and inventive powers which are the attributes of true genius. But if a young man (or woman) shall mistake a fondness for reading poetry for the power of creating it; and, after having stuffed his memory with the spoils of industry, shall cast them out half digested and deformed, as the productions of his own brain, he acquires no right to the indulgence which is due to the fair and legitimate candidate.

I would not absolutely discourage your correspondent's young friend, or apply to him the whole force and extent of these remarks; but it may not be unuseful to him and his partial friends to make a fair

estimate of his claims to the meed of poesy, so far as they depend upon the specimen now before us.—There are undoubtedly some passages in *Orlando*, which testify genius; but, in general, this production bears witness more to an attentive perusal of other poets, or rather of *another poet*, than to any powers of original invention. The plan, machinery, and metre of *Orlando*, were evidently supplied by *Dr. Beattie's* celebrated "MINSTREL;" and indeed many of the lines and phrases, and most of the prominent ideas are distinctly taken from this poem. I will point out some of them, with a hope of inducing this young author to rely more upon himself in future, or to be more candid in acknowledging the aid he receives from others.

In the first four lines there is so much confusion, added to some grammatical error, that I cannot say I comprehend its meaning—

"Some men there are, cold as the winter's snow,
 "Whose souls were never touched with poet's strain,
 "Rapt in the sacred dream, from earth below,
 "And *ride* aloft on heaven's azure main."

It is not very clear what is "rapt in the sacred dream"—whether the "poet's strain" or the "souls" just before mentioned; and I am still more at a loss to find the nominative case to the verb *ride*, in the fourth line; there is a want of harmony and sweetness, too, in the whole: but these are in the class of faults I would excuse, on the terms mentioned.

I cannot see the propriety of the sentiment in the second stanza; that the man who is so unfortunate (for a misfortune it is) as not to be "touched with poet's strains," can have no "feeling friend;" or that he shall be sooner forgotten, when "inhumed," than another—much less can I agree that his children shall be discharged from all natural and filial obligation, and so deeply resent his want of taste as to shed no "pearly tear" on his tomb; the "village binds" may withhold their "wild flowers" if they please, for

they have long been the licensed decorators, exclusively, of poetic graves; but our children, I hope, will not so scornfully refuse to pay us some tribute of affection and respect, although we may not feel the raptures of poetry as Orlando does.

To proceed in pointing out the instances in which our author has drawn from the stores of others.—The course of thought and collection of figures which make up the second stanza, are entirely familiar to every reader of elegies and sonnets; and perhaps, as a sort of common poetic property, Orlando has as good a right to them as any body that has used them for the last five hundred years. We come, then, to cases more direct and palpable.—

In the fourth stanza of Orlando,

“Not deeply skilled in human lore was he.”

In the Minstrel,

“As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore.”

In the sixth stanza,

“I ween Orlando was no vulgar boy.”

In the Minstrel,

“And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.”

Orlando has, in common with Edwin, a skill in music, and a fondness for “visionary joy.”—They both too found delight in rising early in the morning, and roaming over the “lonely mountain’s head” and through “untrodden groves.” In short, these young gentlemen are as like each other, even to their parentage, educations, dispositions, and amusements, as twin brothers. Your Dromios and Socias are nothing to them; and Viola and her brother Sebastian, are absolute antipodes in comparison with Edwin and Orlando. To proceed regularly “to point out faults

and beauties alike"—the scenery in the seventh and eighth stanzas is very picturesque and beautiful, especially in the latter—the following lines, if original, will of themselves, almost entitle the author of Orlando, to the name of a poet :—

" Here oft reclined, beneath the arching vines,
 " That formed o'erhead a high luxuriant bower,
 " He read some native poet's am'rous lines ;
 " Or twin'd around his harp full many a flower,
 " That grew in rich profusion every where ;
 " Then sudden strike, as will'd his fancy wild,
 " His decorated harp."

I particularly remark the four last lines.
 In the ninth stanza,

" And distance gave them far a sweeter sound."

In Collins' ode to the passions,

" In sounds by distance made more sweet."

In the eleventh stanza,

" Why should anticipation chill the present hour,
 " Is not fair *Hope's* all-cheering power thine ?
 " Is not to thee the angel *Fancy* given ?

In the Minstrel,

" But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
 " Perish the lore that deadens young desire !
 " Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 " Indulge gay *Hope* and *Fancy's* pleasing fire."

The thirteenth stanza meets the particular applause of your correspondent ; and not without reason.—But if he will turn to the nineteenth verse of the first book, and the seventh verse of the second book of the Minstrel, he will find the prototype of his friend's effusion.

The fourteenth stanza is filled with beautiful imagery, but unfortunately not belonging to Orlando:

" Or gain some dell, where Alpine heights arise,
 " Where nought was heard to break the silence deep,
 " *Save the bold eagle soaring in the skies,*
 " *Save the wild chamois bounding up the steep;*
 " Or hoary goats upon the mountain's brow;
 " Here some reclin'd, abroad there others stray'd,
 " A moving speck on the eternal snow,
 " While all around them clouds, and shadowy billows play'd."

This whole stanza is evidently compounded from the following passages in the Minstrel:—

" Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
 " He roam'd the snowy waste at eve to view
 " The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
 " High tow'ring sail along th' horizon blue."

Again,

" And oft he trac'd the uplands to survey."

* * * * *

" And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn."

Again,

" Along this narrow valley you might see
 " The *wild deer* sporting on the meadow ground."

* * * * *

" And from the summit of that craggy mound,
 " The *perching eagle* oft was heard to cry,
 " Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky."

And again,

" And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
 " *Where all in mist the world below was lost,*
 " What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
 " Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 " And view th' enormous waste of vapour tost,
 " *In billows.*"

In these passages we have the hero going to a height to command the scene—we have the noise of the “eagle soaring in the skies.”—For the *chamois bounding*,* which is claimed as original, we have the *bounding fawn*, and the “*wild deer sporting* ;”—and the last line,

“While all around them clouds, and shadowy billows play’d,”

is found in Beattie’s

“Enormous waste of vapour tost in billows ;”

and in the preceding line,

“Where all in mist the world below was lost.”

The *goats*, some reclined and some wandering,

“A moving speck on the eternal snow,”

is all that is left of this stanza, for the author of Orlando ; and even this remnant, if it be truly his, entitles him to praise ; but we are apt to suspect the honesty of one, so often detected in pillaging, and to doubt his right to what may really belong to him. I should not wonder at finding another owner for these goats.

The fifteenth stanza,

“Dear was to him. the hour of early morn,

“When every flower puts on its bloom anew,

“Each shrub, with sweet fresh blossoms is adorned,

“And every lime tree glitters in the dew ;”

and the last line,

“How sweet upon his ear the birds’ wild music flows.”

* In Wieland’s Oberon we have the *chamois bounding*,

Now, in what does this differ from the Minstrel?

"Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow
 "As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
 "Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 "When thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 "A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne."

The *smoking streamlets* and the *ruddy tints*, acknowledge the same master.

The sixteenth stanza,

"The milkmaid carols forth her simple lay,
 "The brisk young peasant whistles o'er his plough,
 "The shepherd drives his snowy flock away,
 "Or tunes his lute beneath some shady bough."

In Beattie's description of the morn, we also have

"The lowing herd—the sheepfold's simple bell,
 "The *pipe of early shepherd* dim descried
 "In the lone valley ;"

and also,

"Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 "The whistling ploughman stalks afield."

The objects displayed in the scenery of the eighteenth and nineteenth stanzas, are not the same with those introduced by Beattie, but the general view is so much so, as to leave no doubt of its origin.

Every reader will instantly recognize Gray in these lines in the twenty-first stanza,

"The sheep-bell tinkling in the distant fold,
 "The lowing herds."

And here too, *the shepherd with his pipe* is placed in the *vale*, as by Beattie in the foregoing extract.

The return home of the ploughman in the twenty-second stanza, and the trudging of the shepherd with

weary step, will scarcely leave the patronage of Gray for that of Orlando. The *chattering swallows*, if they have any discretion, will also abide with their old master; and *the dusky twilight* and *silver moon*, belong to every body

In the twenty-third stanza, we have, as original poetry,

"The silver moon does rise,

"And sweetly sleeps upon the bank around,

"Her mellow light reclines on tree and bower."

This idea has particularly delighted our poet, for he repeats it in the twenty-sixth stanza,

"When sweet the moon-light on the green bank lay."

and in the thirtieth stanza,

"Soft plays the moon-light on the checkerd grass."

If I supposed our young poet had got as far as Shakspeare in his "rapt dreams," I should charge him with getting these lines from the immortal bard:

"How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank."

says Lorenzo to Jessica.

But as Orlando appears to me to have held closely to the Minstrel, in recounting his adventures, I rather refer the theft to that source—where we find

"The yellow moon-light sleeps on all the hills."

The same silence too pervades the scene in the Minstrel, which Orlando has chosen for his contemplations. The ghosts, fairies, &c. which are brought together to terrify the young Orlando, in the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth stanzas, are of the same family with those which claimed a similar acquaintance with Edwin; the only difference is, that

Orlando caught them *dancing*, and Edwin at *their revels*. Edwin also

“Heard tales of old traditionary lore,”

the same, it is presumed, which were afterwards repeated to his successor Orlando; the visits too, *near ocean's waves*, were performed with equal punctuality and solemnity by both of them; and their prospects from *the sounding shore*, very much the same. The rustic dance described in the thirtieth, thirty-first and thirty-second stanzas, follows, even to tune and figure, the dance of former times, when Edwin ruled the song.

In the thirty-sixth stanza, our young poet has made a nibble at Collins, but not so as materially to injure that poet or benefit himself.

While the materials of Orlando are thus evidently gleaned from the Minstrel, it is admitted there is some skill displayed in putting them together. If the candour of the juvenile adventurer had been equal even to the humble merit now allowed him, his claims to indulgence would have been better founded. But he can hardly be pardoned for imagining that nobody had read the Minstrel but himself; or, that his plunder from a poem so universally read and admired, could pass without detection.

JUSTICE.

March 10, 1811.



FINE ARTS.

....

MR. WEST'S PICTURE.

.....

AN English writer, in a London paper, who distinguished Mr. West's Picture, “Christ healing the

sick," as the most splendid "constellation in the firmament of the graphic muse," says "It is well known that this was intended as a gift for the United States of America, the native country of the venerable president, and that it has been bought by the subscribers to the British Institution, who were very happy to purchase it for the sum of 3000 guineas, allowing Mr. West the liberty of making a copy in order to put his generous and patriotic project in execution."

IT is with peculiar pleasure, we insert the following extracts of letters from London, respecting Mr. West's celebrated painting.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of Maryland, now in London, dated March 2d, 1811

Mr. West has been exceedingly polite and kind to me. He has finished the picture for the Hospital of Pennsylvania, and refused three thousand guineas, offered by the connoisseurs here to detain it in the kingdom.

Extract of a letter from a citizen of Philadelphia, now in London, to his friend in this city, dated 4th of March, 1811.

"I must not omit to mention Mr. West's name to you. He is very attentive to the young Americans. The promised painting for the Pennsylvania Hospital is now finished. I saw the last touch of his brush upon it a few days ago. Mr. West is satisfied with its execution, for he says he has reached his ideas. He is not a little pleased with it, and indeed he has reason, for many of those eminent for taste in the arts, are unwilling that such a production should be taken from this country, and they have prevailed upon him to undertake to paint a copy of it, which is to be placed in a national institution, to be called the "British Gallery," and for which he is to receive three

thousand guineas. This circumstance will prevent the painting reaching America till the fall, or perhaps later. He thinks the copy will employ him about three months. The society that purchases it intend it to serve as one of the models of a British school of painting; and if any progress is to be made in that art in America, it will there be a fit object for the study of our countrymen, and become a model for two opposite parts of the globe.



From the Balance.

....

NATIONAL PREJUDICE ;
OR, THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

.....

IN the Quarterly Review, No. 4, for November, 1809, printed in London, and reprinted by Mr. Sargeant, of New-York, I find an article, entitled, "*History and Present State of America*," which betrays such a shameful want of candour, or such gross ignorance of the real state of this country, that I am induced to take some notice of it. Under the pretence of reviewing Dr. Holmes's "*American Annals*," the writers of the article have given us in the compass of about 17 pages, this admirable "history," taken, not indeed from Dr. Holmes's *Annals* (for these they pronounce "meagre and miserably imperfect") but from the *authentic* travels of Ashe and Weld!—It is to be regretted that the re-

viewers have not informed us to what part of America (they are speaking particularly of the United States) the following description is intended to apply :—

“ There is both in the physical and intellectual features of the Americans a trace of savage character, produced by the circumstance of society and of external nature. It is only in the great cities and their immediate vicinity that the accompaniments of civilization are found ; in the new settlements every thing partakes more of savage than of civilized life. The back settlers, useful as they are when considered as the pioneers of civilization, are a worse race than the Indians upon whose borders they trespass ; inasmuch as they have been better taught, possess greater power of doing mischief, and are without principle. The succeeding classes for many steps upward, find themselves without the priest, without the physician, and without any other law than serves for the purpose of litigation. The execution of justice they take into their own hands ; the man whose horse is stolen, pursues the thief, and frequently kills him on the spot, to save the trouble of lodging him in prison.”

Since these cases are so frequent, it is surprising that neither the reviewers, nor their wonder-hunting travellers could quote us an instance. However, this is but a trifle compared to what follows :—

“ An American’s first plaything is the rattle-snake’s tail ; if he strays out of sight of his father’s door he is lost ; an accident which frequently happens : but hence like the savage he acquires an early habit of tracing his way by signs imperceptible to another’s eyes. As he grows up he lays traps for opossums, and shoots squirrels for his breakfast ; he cuts down

a tree on which the wild pigeons have built their nests, and picks up a horse-load of young birds."!!

Here it is proper to remark, that the reviewers have the candour to acknowledge that they do not give full credit to every thing that Ashe has written; but they assert that "his book contains a few *valuable* facts;" and the following is probably given as a specimen:—

"He [the American] takes his pigeons or his pork to the nearest town; sell them he cannot. The words buy and sell are nearly unknown in the new settlements; he *trades* them, and takes in exchange, not what he wants, but what he can get. 'I have known a person,' says Ashe, 'ask for a pair of shoes, and receive for answer, that there were no shoes in the store, but some *capital gin* that could be recommended to him. I have heard another ask for a rifle-gun, and be answered that there were no rifles, but that he could be accommodated with the best *Dutch looking glasses* and *German flutes* in the western country. Another was directed by his wife to bring her a warming pan, smoothing-irons and scrubbing-brushes; but these were denied, and a *wooden cuckoo-clock*, which the children would not take a week to demolish, was sent home in their stead."

Having copied a few other "valuable facts" of this description from Ashe, the reviewers next give us some information on the authority of Weld, whose *Travels*, they gravely tell us in a note, contain but one "gross exaggeration," and that is "the story of the musketos that bit General Washington through his boots!"

“ Living in this semi-savage state, the greater part of the Americans are so accustomed to dispense with the comforts of life which they cannot obtain, that they have learnt to neglect even those decencies which are within their reach. This is not meant to allude to the custom of *bundling*, which probably never was general, and which was not the consequence of any particular stage of society; but it applies to the detestable state of their inns, which are as disgraceful to America as they are disgusting to the unlucky Englishman, whose fate it is to travel there. The traveller must eat with the family, and must wait for their hours, let him arrive when he will; every apartment is considered as common, and that room in which a stranger sits down, says Mr. Weld, is sure to be the most frequented; his chamber is filled with beds, in which men and women, if women happen to be travelling, lie promiscuously; and when he has fallen asleep in foul sheets, he may think himself fortunate if some dirty American does not awaken him by turning in by his side.”

Let us now see what these reviewers of Old England say of our New-England brethren:—

“ The northern states have hardly outgrown their fanaticism. We have borne a willing testimony of respect to the principles of the first colonists in New-England; but it cannot be denied that their religion is in the highest degree unfavourable to arts and manners. It tolerates no music except psalm-singing; loves no poetry above the pitch of a tabernacle hymn; and not content with the exclusion of graven images, and the likeness of any thing that is in heaven or earth from its churches, reduces the church itself to the appearance of a barn. You look in vain for the steeple and the weathercock, the clock and the church-yard yew, for all that is venerable and all that is beautiful; within there is neither font nor altar; and if the priest

be at all distinguishable from the people, it is by an aspect even more dismal than that of his flock."

If the reader is not already disgusted with such ridiculous nonsense and falsehood, I think that one or two more extracts may be of use to him. What say these sage reviewers on the subject of law in this country?

"The state of law in America is as deplorable as that of religion, and far more extraordinary. The people appear in their courts of justice with their hats on at the bar; they talk, they make a noise, they smoke, and they cry out against the sentence if it does not happen to please them. This last piece of conduct, says the Duc de Liancourt, is universal; and there are perhaps some petty instances of injustice in the courts, which make it to be not without its use. We have lately seen a state criminal tried there some half a dozen times for the same offence; and the trials have been such that it is impossible to discover whether he was guilty or not."

"The want of decorum among the Americans is not imputable to their republican government, for it has not been found in other republics; it has proceeded from the effects of the revolutionary war, from their premature independence, and from that passion for gambling which infects all orders of men, clergy as well as laity, and the legislators as well as the people."

Such are the accounts published in some of the most respectable English periodical works respecting the manners, religion and law of this country. Such are the miserable means resorted to, for the purpose of deterring the people of Great-Britain from emigrating to the United States. It is not possible that the

conductors of such a work as the Quarterly Review, can be so grossly ignorant as their writings would indicate. It is not possible that they can place any confidence in the ridiculous tales of Weld and Ashe. They must be blinded by the most inveterate prejudice; or they must wilfully misrepresent the situation of this country, from political motives. And yet, at the close of the very article from which the foregoing extracts are made, they exhort the people of the United States, not to cherish an Anti-Anglican spirit; but to remember the bonds of blood and language, which subsist between the two nations, and to consider the English (*Reviewers and all, I suppose!*) as their natural friends.



LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

....

PAUL ALLEN, Esq. of Philadelphia, the present editor of the American Register, is now preparing for the press a life of the late celebrated novelist and historian, *Charles B. Brown*. Several persons who have seen this work as far as the biographer has progressed, speak of it as a remarkable and highly honourable specimen of Mr. Allen's talents, and a perfect transcript of the mind and manners of the illustrious subject he has undertaken to represent.



LONDON papers advertise the twelfth edition of "Cælebs," and the thirteenth, fourteenth, and sixteenth editions of other works of Miss *Hannah More*.

The following character of this lady, who is certainly an ornament to her sex as well as to England, was written in our own country.

“A writer has now appeared, who was born for the age in which she now lives. Her sphere of life has been large, and her means of observation various. These advantages of condition she has improved by talents, which were capable of any attainments; and by piety which gave them a useful direction. With these qualifications she lectured her sex in language which united the devotion of the Scripture with the amenity of the classics. What estimation she enjoys among her own sex, I know not; but she has certainly been treated with little courtesy by the other. Periodical publications have vented against her the foulest abuse; and aspersed her reputation with every calumny that ignorance, jealousy, and malignity could suggest.—They have opened a monthly arena, and invited combatants of every description to assault a woman, whose faults are incidents of zeal, whose merits are the achievements of virtue. A woman, who in the extensive range which her writings have taken, has done more towards rectifying the public opinion, and removing prejudices against religion and good government, than all the self-constituted anti-jacobins in the kingdom. The clamour against her has now subsided; and as the greater part of those who raised it have worn the mask, they will have no temptation to lay it aside. Already the name *More* is connected with every valuable species of commendation. The calumny of anonymous libellers, and the eulogy of a virtuous prelate, will equally transmit her to the affection of posterity, as the condescending enlightener of the poor, the accomplished instructress of her sex, and the indefatigable benefactress of mankind.”

New-York Missionary Magazine.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE, in his comfortable retreat at Ludlow, has composed an Epic Poem of consider-

able length, which he entitles "*Charlemagne*," intending it for speedy publication. The few who have seen it, speak highly of the poetic beauties, with which several of its episodes abound.

Lucien is a man of general knowledge, and in the most critical times in Paris, was reckoned in point of talent, second only to Mirabeau. His speeches, while a member of the council of five hundred, were extremely eloquent, and exhibited the marks of a vigorous and cultivated mind.

Lond. pap.



THE AMOROUS PHILOSOPHER.

....

AN ARABIAN TALE.

....

A CERTAIN philosopher had a very ample collection of all the tricks and stratagems the fair sex is conversant in; he carried the book continually about him, and he fancied by it that he should be secure from the wiles of all enchanting females. One day travelling, he passed near a camp of Arabs of the desert, and a young Arabian woman invited him in so obliging a manner to repose himself in her tent, that he could not well refuse the favour; the lady's husband was then absent. The philosopher was scarce seated, when, to guard against charms, which he began to be in some dread of, he took out his book, and seemed very attentive in reading it. The lady, piqued at this apparent disdain, said to him—That book must be very interesting, being the only thing here worthy to fix your attention. May I ask you of what science it treats? I am the author of it, answered the philosopher; it contains secrets which it is not proper to divulge. I thought, replied the lady, that books were written for no other purpose than to be made public. Of what significancy is it to be learn-

ed, if knowledge is confined to one's self? Want of communication of the kind is a sort of robbery committed on society. You are very right, said the philosopher; but the subject matter of this book is not within the comprehension of the femlae intellects. You entertain a very indifferent opinion of women's wit, said the offended lady; the Prophet has treated us more favourably than you do, and he has not excluded us paradise.

The philosopher's refusal excited more and more the lady's curiosity, and she was so earnest for being informed, that he at last told her, I am, indeed, the author of the book, but its substance is not mine; it contains all the tricks which women have invented; and it would not be worth while to read to you your own work. What! all and every one of their tricks? said the lady. Yes, all, answered the philosopher, and it is by studying them, I have learned to be no longer afraid of the sex. It must then be a very singular book, replied she, smiling; believe me, great philosopher, you attempt a thing impossible, you only put water into a sieve.

The coquetish and vindictive lady, waiving a further parley on the matter, glanced suddenly such vivid beams of amorous transports from her bright eyes on the pretended sage, that he soon forgot his book, and all the tricks it contained. Behold now in our philosopher the most passionate of men; the shaft struck deep, and he owned himself wounded. The Arabian lady, enchanted to see that he had made a voluntary offering of himself to her vengeance, seemed to listen to him favourably; and he already conceived the most flattering hopes, when she perceived at some distance her husband: We are undone, said she to her new lover; my husband will certainly surprise us; what will become of me? He is the most jealous and brutal of all men; in the name of the Prophet, hide yourself in that chest.

The philosopher, seeing no other practicable resource for saving himself, got into the chest, which

the lady locked upon him, and put the key in her pocket. She afterwards went to meet her husband, and dined with him. Dinner over, seeing him in good humour: I must relate to you, said she to him, a very singular adventure. A sort of philosopher came this day into my tent, who pretends to have collected in a book all the cheats our sex is capable of. The false sage made love to me; I listened to him; he is young, lovely, pressing, and you came but just in time to support my tottering virtue.

Figure to yourself, at these words, the husband's rage, who was really of a jealous and morose temper, The philosopher, who had heard all from his chest, might well execrate from his heart his book, women, and jealous husbands. Where lurks the villain, said the husband to the wife; him or thee, this moment will I immolate to my vengeance. The crafty wife, feigning great consternation, shewed him the chest and presented the key to him. On the point of opening it, she said to him, bursting into a fit of laughter, pay me, you have lost "diadeste," another time be less curious, and have a better memory.

The husband, thinking himself very fortunate that the alarm was false, returned the key to his spouse; paid her all that she asked, and went his way, praying her to rouse no more in such a manner his fears of infidelity.

The young lady then took the philosopher out of the chest, where he was more dead than alive. Good Sir, said she to him, forget not this TRICK—it deserves a place in your Collection.



INFORMATION RESPECTING THE CASTLE OF DUNSINANE.

BY SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

THE author of the "Statistical account of Scotland," happened, in 1772, to take an excursion to

Perthshire, and being accidentally led to visit the remains of Dunsinane Castle, took a sketch of them, as they appeared at that time, and collected all the traditions respecting the history of Macbeth, that were current in the neighbourhood. The story purported, that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years at Carnbeddie, in the neighbouring parish of St. Martin's, which the country people call *Carn-beth*, or Macbeth's Castle, and where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During those times, witchcraft was very prevalent in Scotland, and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on each hand of Macbeth, one at Collace, the other not far from Dunsinane house, at a place called the Cape.* Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn, applied to them for advice; and, by their counsel, he built a lofty castle upon the top of an adjoining hill, since called Dunsinane, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies *the hill of ants*, implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite for collecting the materials of so vast a building. It was by nature strong, as well as fortified by art, being partly defended by high outer rocks, and partly surrounded by an outer wall, which enclosed a considerable space of ground, for exercising the men, &c. There was also a *fosse*, which joined the wall and outer rocks, and a high rampart which environed the whole, and defended the castle, itself large and well fortified. From the top of the hill, there is an extensive view of above fifty miles every way, comprehending Fifeshire, the hills in the neighbourhood of Blair-

* The moor where the witches met, which is in the parish of St. Martin's, is yet pointed out by the country people; and there is a stone still preserved, which is called the *Witches' stone*. The moor is now planted, by William Macdonald, Esq. of St. Martin's, the proprietor, and to whom also Carnbeth, or Carnbeddie belongs; whose active zeal in promoting the improvement of the Highlands, will long be remembered in that part of the kingdom, with much respect.

Athol, and Braemarr; Strathmore also, and a great part of Angus, are immediately under view. In short, there could not be a more commanding situation.

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth *The Giant*, as the country people called him, he marched first towards Dunkeld, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the north. This led him to Birnam wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction, or from some other motive, to ornament their bonnets, or to carry about with them in their hands, the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spy whom Macbeth had stationed to watch their motions. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' prediction, who had warned him to beware "when Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane:" and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted it, and flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, and was killed upon the rocks, and buried at *The Long Man's Grave*,* as it is called, which is still extant. For the purpose of giving a better idea of these circumstances, a slight and imperfect sketch, drawn up at the time, is annexed.

Such were the traditions in the neighbourhood of Dunsinane Castle, in 1772; and the reader will naturally be struck with the resemblance between them and the celebrated play which Shakspeare founded on the history of Macbeth. There is every reason,

* It would be worth while to examine this grave, as some curious facts might be ascertained from it. It is proper to add, that not far from it is the road, where, according to the tradition of the country people, Banquo was murdered.

indeed, to believe, that our great dramatist was upon the spot himself, and was inspired with such uncommon poetical powers from having viewed the places where the scenes he drew were supposed to have been transacted. In Guthrie's History of Scotland, (vol. viii. p. 358.) it is stated, that in 1599, king James desired Elizabeth to send him, in that year, a company of English comedians; with which request she complied; and James gave them a license to act in his capital, and before his court. "I have great reason (he adds) to think that the immortal Shakspeare was of the number." And in the "statistical account of Perth," (vol. xviii. p. 522.) we are told, that plays were actually exhibited in Perth, only a few miles from Dunsinane, in 1589. It is extremely improbable that the occurrences, as narrated by Shakspeare, and the traditions of the country, could have borne so strong a resemblance, unless he had gathered them upon the spot himself, or employed some other person for that purpose. The only material difference is, that according to tradition, Macbeth threw himself from the top of a rock; but it is much more poetical, as narrated by Shakspeare, his falling by the hands of Macduff, whom he had so greatly injured.*

About the period alluded to, in 1772, I took much pleasure in tracing the antiquities of Scotland, on the spot where the different occurrences happened; but was too young (being then only about eighteen years

* History narrates, that Macbeth was put to death at Lumphannan; but the tradition of the country is, that he was killed and buried in the neighbourhood of his own castle. It is singular that Buchanan in his History, points out the story of Macbeth as admirably calculated for the drama. Did Shakspeare take the first hint from, or give it to the Scottish historian? The idea of Shakspeare having been in Scotland, is rendered still more probable, by the number of Scottish words and phrases made use of in his plays; and also from his parody on the well-known lines in the Scotch ballad, beginning—

"In days when our king Robert rang."

of age) to do justice to such interesting inquiries. I have been tempted, however, from the historical importance of the Castle of Dunsinane, to state the substance of the traditions I had collected respecting it; and perhaps it may not be improper to add, that I found the traditions respecting the battle of Luncarty, and other ancient events, much more distinct and accurate than is commonly imagined; and in general, authenticated by the remains of encampments, the ruins of castles, the vestiges of tombs, the appearance of mote-hills, or seats of justice, and the names of places, all affording concurring evidence of their authenticity.

The circumstances regarding the battle of Luncarty, in particular, were uncommonly minute and circumstantial. The encampments of the Scottish and Danish armies,* the placere whe Hay and his gallant sons resided, called Gullan, a farm opposite to Luncarty, the field they were ploughing at the time, the ford where they crossed the Tay, and the very spot where they stopped and animated their flying countrymen, &c. &c. were all pointed out by old men in the neighbourhood, when examined by the author in 1772.

ALOE TREE.—(A VEGETABLE WONDER.)

AN article under the date of Dublin, September 8, states as follows:—"An *Aloe*, which is known to have been in the garden of Lord de Dunstanville, at Trehid Park, *sixty years*, and how much longer is uncertain, and which till about two months ago was not more than *four feet* from the ground, suddenly shot up, and has grown at the rate of two inches a day, till it is now *twenty-five feet* high, and is expected shortly to appear, for the first time, in full bloom."

* The place where the Danish army had encamped, was, in 1772, called Denmark.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

.....

REMARKS ON THE LOVERS' VOWS: A PLAY IN
FIVE ACTS. FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

....

THE plays of Kotzebue having attracted a very uncommon degree of attention, as prepared for, and exhibited on the stage of New-York, we were anxious to see a production of this popular author, as fitted for the taste of an English audience by a celebrated dramatic writer of that nation, and stamped with unequivocal marks of public approbation. We were prepared to acknowledge the superiority of this version, from the hands of Mrs. Inchbald, over the translation (however much admired by Americans) which had been exhibited at the Theatre of New-York, without having received the sanction of a *London* audience. Our expectations were raised still higher on reading Mrs. Inchbald's preface, in which she has, without reserve, given a decided preference to her play over that of Kotzebue. How great then was our disappointment on finding, that to fit it for the English stage, almost every passage which had made its way to our hearts, and forced the tears into our eyes, was expunged by Mrs. Inchbald as unfit for the ears of her countrymen.

Every character of the piece has suffered by the alterations of the English Dramatist, except, perhaps, the rhyming *Butler*. "The part of Amelia has been a very particular object of my solicitude and alteration," says Mrs. Inchbald, "the same situations which the author gave her remain, but almost all the dialogue of the character I have changed." Mrs. Inchbald goes on to condemn Kotzebue's Amelia in very pointed terms, her "forward" manner "would have been revolting to an English audience."—"Amelia's love, by Kotzebue, is indelicately blunt, and yet void

of mirth or sadness." Either a London audience is very different from an audience in New-York, or Mrs. Inchbald is very much mistaken as to the effect the character of *Kotzebue's Amelia* would produce; it was, in this city, the very reverse of "revolting." Let us, in justice to the German Bard, examine his *Amelia* with the *improved Amelia* of Mrs. Inchbald. We have before us the admired Covent-Garden play, as published, and the manuscript copy represented on our stage, which, we are assured, is Mrs. Plumptre's literal translation, fitted for an American audience, by the Director of the New-York Theatre.

Amelia's first speech, kissing the Baron's hand, is "Good morrow, dear father;" but for an English audience the tender appellation of "father," must be changed to "my Lord." But we must not be so minute. Several of *Amelia's* sweetly simple replies to her father, expressive of her frankness, in avowing her sentiments at the same time that she wishes to obey his commands, are omitted: indeed, there is little belonging to the scene worth reading or hearing that is not omitted. One great advantage is gained to an English audience—the scene is shortened.

In *Amelia's* second scene, Arnaud, or Anhalt, gives two pictures of matrimony, in the literal translation exquisite specimens of style and sentiment; we cannot say so much of the *improved* copy. After the latter picture, which describes a miserable couple, the lovely child of nature exclaims, "I will not marry!"

Arnaud. That is in other words to say, I will not love.

Amelia. Yes, I will marry—for I will love—I love already—

Arnaud. (*much confused.*) Indeed!—You love the Count Cassel?

Amelia. Oh, no, no! Away with the fool! I love you.

Arnaud. Madam!—My lady!

Amelia. And you I will marry.

Arnaud. Me.

Amelia. Yes, you, dear Tutor.

Arnaud. Amelia!—You forget—

Amelia. What do I forget?

Arnaud. That you are of noble extraction.

Amelia. What signifies that?

Arnaud. It cannot be!

Amelia. If you have an affection for me——

Arnaud. I love you as my life.

Amelia. Well then marry me.

Arnaud. Oh, spare me Amelia! I am but a man.

Amelia. You have yourself exhibited to me so alluring a picture of the marriage state!—But *I* am not, then, the woman with whom you could share all *your* joys, all *your* sorrows!

The reader will look in vain for this charming dialogue in Mrs. Inchbald's play. This is the avowal of love which "would have been revolting to an English audience;" which "is indelicately blunt," "insipid or disgusting." And what have we in the stead?—

Amelia. I will not marry.

Anhalt. You *mean* to say you will not *fall in* love.

* * * * *

Anhalt. ——I am out of the question.

Amelia. No; you are the very person to whom I have put the question.

Anhalt. What do you mean?

Amelia. I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. (*In confusion.*)

Anhalt. Understand you!—As to that—I am not dull.

Amelia. I know you are not—And as you have for a long time instructed me, why should I not now begin to teach you?

Anhalt. Teach me what?

Amelia. Whatever I know, and you don't.

Anhalt. There are some things I had rather never know.

Amelia. So you may remember I said when you began to teach me mathematicks. I said I had rather not know it—But now I have learnt, it gives me a

great deal of pleasure—and (*hesitating*) perhaps, who can tell, but that I might teach something as pleasant to you as resolving a problem is to me.

Anhalt. Woman herself is a problem.

Amelia. And I'll teach you to make her out.

Anhalt. You teach?

Amelia. Why not? none but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one.—I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came.

Anhalt. This is nothing to the subject.

Amelia. What is the subject?

Anhalt. ——— Love!

Amelia (*going up to him*) Come, then, teach it me—teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things.

Anhalt. (*turning from her.*) Pshaw!

Amelia. Ah! you won't—You know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.

Anhalt. You misconstrue—you misconceive every thing I say or do. The subject I came to you upon was marriage.

Amelia. A very proper subject from the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal.—(*Curtsying.*)

This is the delicacy which is substituted for the “blunt, insipid and revolting” dialogue of Kotzebue.

The reader will not find the following lines in the Covent-Garden play:—

“Have you not often told me that the heart ennobles us? (*Places her hand upon her heart.*) Oh! truly, I should marry a noble man.”

We do not propose to quote *all* the fine passages omitted; there are in this scene several others; and those retained are invariably expressed with less force, and in a style very inferior to the parallel passages in the literal translation. The scene, in the fourth act, in which Amelia discloses her love of the

amiable minister to her indulgent parent, is curtailed, and very much injured: the charming incident of looking for the needle, which draws down such bursts of applause from our audiences, is altogether omitted. Amelia's last scene is the concluding one of the play; and here, as in every other situation, Mrs. Inchbald has loaded her with injury.

We will next review the character of Frederick and touch on that of the Baron, as it is so intimately connected with that of his son.—Mrs. Inchbald says, "I could inform my reader why I have pourtrayed the Baron, in many particulars, different from the German author:" but as she has not done it, we confess ourselves totally at a loss for the reason: we see no variation that is not injurious to the play, when we compare it with the manuscript before us.

In Frederick's first scene is this speech: "Know I not well the heart of my mother!—Accursed be the thought that would condemn her of a *weakness*—of a *crime* she is incapable." Instead of this, Mrs. Inchbald gives, "Cursed be that son who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so." As far as this is intelligible, it is a false sentiment. Frederick has not much to say in this scene in either play, as he is an attentive listener to his mother's tale of sorrow. The Cottagers not being of sufficient consequence to demand a separate review, we shall here notice an omission of Mrs. Inchbald's, which marks a very unexpected deficiency of judgment. When the cottager goes to his door, and calls to his wife, who is supposed within, to make preparation for the sick woman, he says, "Wife, make up the bed there quickly; *you can lay the boy upon the bench in the mean time.*" The latter charmingly appropriate idea—an idea which fills the mind with images, and touches the heart with unexpected delight—was discarded by the English dramatist. The soliloquy with which Frederick opens the third act is curtailed to nothing. His manner of entreating the Baron for money is much injured. But how will the reader be

surprised to learn, that from the soliloquy which begins the fourth act, the exquisite lines which describe his intention of surprising his mother, when he "should creep close by the wall," and the image he had formed of the beloved matron "laying aside her work" to come to the door, are rejected. The scene between him and the minister in the prison, is cut away to mere outline. But all the former outrages committed upon this play sink into nothing, compared with the cruel mutilation of the last scene of the fourth act, wherein Kotzebue makes the son reprove his father, in a dialogue unparalleled for energy and truth. Were we to point out the beauties here omitted, we should be forced to transcribe the whole scene: but this is what Mrs. Inchbald calls, in a tone of self-congratulation, "to compress the matter of a speech of three or four pages into one of three or four lines." If Kotzebue can read the language in which Mrs. Inchbald has written her "Lovers' Vows," how will he mourn over the feeble, sickly, and mutilated corpse of his "Child of Love!"

As we find nothing to praise in Mrs. Inchbald's play, (the Butler's copy of verses excepted) when compared with Kotzebue's, we will break off our examination, from a fear that a long continued strain of fault-finding will become as tiresome to our readers as it is irksome to us. Many of the omissions of Mrs. Inchbald are judicious and necessary; and we find, that in some instances the American revisor has accorded with her in opinion, whilst fitting the play for his theatre. Mrs. Inchbald, in the fourth act, gives us a scene altogether her own; but we cannot praise it. She discards the Count in the fourth act, consequently alters one of the scenes in the fifth, where that event takes place: and she retains a short scene in the fifth act, between Frederick and his father, which is rejected by the American revisor.

We take leave of this piece, by congratulating our countrymen on the great superiority of the play they have seen on the stage of New-York, under the title

of "Lovers' Vows," over that which has been represented at Covent-Garden, and by recommending to every reader the translation of Mrs. A. Plumptree, as, beyond comparison, preferable to that of Mrs. Inchbald. [N. York Magazine.]

THE GOSSAMOUR.

MATRIMONY.

We copy the following singular advertisement from the London Times.

"A TRADESMAN, 27 years of age, possessed of a respectable Wholesale Concern, in a large City in the South of England, which produces at present 400l. per annum, and is capable of much extension, takes this method of declaring that he wishes to meet with a Lady desirous of changing her condition, has a few thousand pounds at her disposal, is of strictly virtuous habits, fond of a retired life, and of an economical disposition. The advertiser hopes he possesses similar qualifications, and flatters himself he shall not be found wholly unworthy the attention and confidence of such a lady. Letters free, addressed to D. W. care of Mr. Haywood, green-grocer, No. 6, Carthusian-street, Charter House square, London, shall be answered with sincerity and candour in a week or ten days."

THE following is extracted from a London paper. The advertisers have evidently opened a matrimonial firm, and want a great many *sleeping partners*:

"Seven Wives wanted.—Ladies of respectability, desirous of entering into the *matrimonial state*, may hear of *seven gentlemen*, who are desirous of settling in life and enjoying true connubial bliss. Ladies *really* of serious turn, with good education, engaging manners, &c. they can only suit. N. B. No objections to *country ladies*."

POETRY.

.....

For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

MR. BALDWIN,

THE person of vitiated taste, who will read nothing but novels, resembles the man who should attempt to live on salad. Would he take my advice, he would fill his stomach with good roast beef in the first place, and then, by way of recreation, gratify himself with a little well seasoned lettuce or celery. Let the acquisition of knowledge be the business of the day; and the amusement of the fancy, the relaxation of the evening. By this, I do not intend to encourage the practice of many girls of sixteen, who go to bed with a novel, and, if they do not burn their curtains, are sure to kindle all the consuming fires of the heated imagination. For the benefit of all, who have no taste for solid information, please to publish the following lines, with this caption;

NOVELS NOT FOOD FOR THE MIND,

OR

THE POISONED EWE-LAMB.

I HAD an ewe-lamb, sweetly fair,
That oft engag'd my tender care;
That frisk'd and play'd the hours away,
From April to the close of May.

Each morning witness'd her delight
To see her guardian come in sight;
She lick'd the hand that gave her food,
And seem'd to call her keeper good.

Come gentle lamb, I'll be thy friend,
And guard thee 'till thy life shall end
No beast shall tread thee in the dust,
No dog shall tear, to sate his thirst.

Conscious almost, of what I said,
She thank'd me with her waving head,
And skip'd away, to try her feet,
Or breathe the Zephyr's fragrance sweet.

She bounded o'er the grassy plot ;
And now, her keeper's care forgot,
Began, alas, the fatal deed !
To crop in sport a noxious weed.

The flow'r it bore allur'd her eye,
And made her wish the taste to try.
She tasted, and would eat no more
The wholesome food she lov'd before.

The poison soon began t' inflame,
And agonize the swollen frame :
She wildly ran, and fiercely cried,
Then feeble grew, and gasping died.

Say, Mary, had thine hand been nigh,
Would'st thou have let the lambkin die ?
Then feed not on the weeds of time,
To the neglect of food divine.
CLIO, Author of Elwin and Celia.

For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

THE INVITATION.

....

AWAKE, my love, the morning dawns,
And every smother'd sigh returns.

Awake, and cheer thy Joseph's heart,
 And to his anguish'd breast impart
 Some balm to ease his drooping frame,
 If you can pity or reclaim
 A youth, who daily droops and pines,
 And while his anguish he confines,
 Is hourly sinking to the grave,
 While you alone his life could save.
 Awake my love and to his arms,
 Entrust your sweet attractive charms.
 You know your power, you know your skill,
 You know he loves and ever will.
 Fly then while yet the morning dawns,
 Before his agony returns.

JOSEPHUS.

For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

THE FEMALE CONQUEROR.

....

"SHE stoops to conquer"—no, not she,
 For sooner would she die:
 She frowns, and bids her lover flee,
 When he begins to sigh.

While others give the side-long glance,
 She looks the other way:
 And would he speak, away she'll dance,
 Or with her kitten play.

When he attempts to take her hand
 She gives her arm a flirt,
 Or tells him 'tis her aunt's command
 To keep kid-gloves from dirt.

When he advances, she recedes,
 And bids him stay behind:

She laughs whene'er the lover pleads,
And jeers, "alas! how kind!"

She conquers by such arts as these,
And binds the poor soul fast;
Awhile the thoughts of union please,
But she's not bound at last.

Unlike the conqueror in war,
She will not take the prey:
The thought of gain she can abhor,
While she delights to slay.

He bids her take command of all,
For she can rule with ease;
While she cries, "let the lover fall,
I conquer but to please!"

CLIO.

EPITAPH ON A COBLER.

....

DEATH at a Cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the *mending* hand;
At last came Death in very dirty weather,
And rip'd the *soal* from off the upper-leather.
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's *awl*—Death brought his *last*.

EPITAPH

*On a child, who lost its life by drinking boiling water
out of the Spout of a Tea-Kettle.*

Dost ask who here resign'd his mortal breath?
A happy soul! who DRANK himself to death.
What then? Can drunkards happy exits make?
Ah—boast not, sinner, HIS was mere mistake.